



A.C.

Robert T. Salmond



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MSA.

Annual



1944





DEDICATION

To you, our boys and girls now serving our cause and our country at home and on foreign soil, we dedicate this book of the year 1944. As friends and classmates at M. S. A. we have shared our laughter, our experiences, and our dreams . . . and it is to the realization of these dreams that we lay our hopes for tomorrow. You have been called upon to right a wrong—not of your making . . . in order that we may all retain our dreams for our futures. There will be a better world of your making,—and we pray for your quick and safe return when your mission is fulfilled.

ELNA NELSON

In deep appreciation of the sacrifice those students are making in interrupting their formal educations in order to preserve for all of us the privilege of education and the freedom of art expression, the Administration and Faculty are glad to second the resolve to dedicate this book to the men and women of the Massachusetts School of Art who are in the service of our Country.

PHILIP O. PALMSTROM
Acting President

CLASS OF 44

The fall of 1940 held the brightest hopes for those of us who formed the class of '44. Eagerness for achievement in our chosen field seemed more important than the oppressing threat of war. Those were the glorious days of clay fights, frequent rest periods, sketching in the Fenway on bright mornings, and the hearty laughter of male students. Remember?

We held lengthy and heated discussions on the election and the draft situation,—and we received formal introduction to the mysteries of plumb lines and vanishing points. We were typical freshmen,—enthusiastic, eager, and . . . green as they grow.

We were sophomores when the shadow of December seventh marked a change in the pattern of our school careers. We turned toward our work with a more serious attitude. We found time to give our service in Red Cross work and air raid duty, as well as participating in war activity at school. The armed forces and the opportunity for war jobs drained our class of a third of its membership. The rest of us met many new and exciting experiences that year . . . there were life classes and structural design, ceramics and block printing. With hammer and chisel, we attacked huge blocks of plaster, and Lo and Behold! . . . a three dimensional abstract representing "Melancholy" or the "Song of the Thrush at Sunrise". We struggled with coil-built dishes and conté crayon techniques . . . and were even progressing a little in our perpetual struggle to apply a flat wash. Our junior year confronted us with the task of carrying out our choice of a course. That was the year we specialized. Some of us learned the

joys and problems of teaching, and some the thrills and headaches of layout and advertising. The class was again cut in size when the junior Graphic Arts and Costume Design divisions were incorporated into the senior class and many of our classmates finished a year ahead of us.

Now as seniors, we are barely over a score in number. The teacher trainers have learned how to correlate with the social sciences; and the designers have not only mastered the problem of applying a flat wash, but have demonstrated professional ability in design achievement. We realize now that the future art of America is dependent upon the right art education and the close cooperation of art and industry. This future is partly in our hands and in the hands of those of you who are now freshmen, sophomores, and juniors. It is our opportunity and our responsibility.

We of the class of '44 have been able to continue our education through three years of a war that has affected us deeply. We have the faith and assurance that the chaos of the world into which we are graduating is beginning to clear. We have been cut in size, but not in spirit. As we think back upon our years as undergraduates, we wish that those other members of our entering class could be with us now. We wish that they could share the thrill of triumph and accomplishment we feel as the senior year draws to a close. Let us keep this spirit of ambition and confidence as we meet a new challenge . . . greater, but somehow similar to the one we met in the fall of 1940.

VIRGINIA CARTER



Departments OF THE SCHOOL

ART EDUCATION

As prospective educators, it is our privilege to guide children in the field of creative expression . . . to broaden and deepen their experience and appreciation, and to help them become creatively intelligent individuals and constructive citizens. We are proud of our opportunity,—for we, too, are part of the fight for freedom of expression.

JACQUELIN SAUNDERS

GENERAL DESIGN

The all-female design department has produced air brush and textile designs as fine as any on the market today. We hold an optimistic view of a bright future in the design field. Thus far our one obstacle seems to be a little insect called a silverfish who has a fondness for the black tempera in the designs hanging on the wall.

KATHLEEN WAINWRIGHT

GRAPHIC ARTS

Ours is a course of new experiences . . . wobbly ventures into the fascination of oil painting, the excitement of etching and lithography, and the fun of roaming through the city making sketches in watercolor. Filled with ambition and individuality, we strive to create that which is truly "fine" art.

PHYLLIS TOCK





Extra-Curricular

October marked the month of the Hallowe'en Party. Amateur talent . . . square dancing . . . polkas . . . box lunches . . . cider and doughnuts contributed to the rustic atmosphere.

Perhaps it was the chicken dinner at the Christmas Spread that made us delirious . . . but we all saw it happen. . . . The baby doll, the Jack-in-the-box and Raggedy Ann all came to life before our eyes. The Baby cried and Ann went back to sleep, but the other toys danced for us. Later we danced too . . . and had a wonderful time.

This year we had a gathering that was different from all others . . . a Mother and Daughter Tea. It was an enjoyable affair that gave our mothers a chance to become acquainted with our classmates and the faculty.

Mass. Art night at the "Pops" was revived when the Student Association sponsored a gala evening. It was most enjoyable and decidedly worthwhile. Let us continue this custom!

On Fridays the "breeched" and "booted" riding club encounters interesting equestrian experiences. The glee club and modern dance group vie with each other for popularity. Brilliant student leadership has developed in connection with these activities.



Thoughts bewildered far beyond
The deepest night, the dullest morn.
Shattered talents all unfurl
A disconcert and dreamy world.
An upward growth to greater height
Would mean the loss of shadowed sight,
For down would pour in torrid mass
Against the strength of will and might!
Confusion. . .

BEVERLY HALLAM

CHECKMATE

I spoke—
You laughed—
I scowled.
The game was yours, I'd fouled.
You talked a while—
I, not at all—
For soundproof I had built a wall,
But waning humor now grown lax,
Endowed you with a verbal axe
That brought to light what I'd forgot.
You were real . . . the wall was not.

JANE HANNAFORD

I have five minutes to explain
The workings of an artist's brain
If any—and the big Because
That underlies the thing he draws;
The How and all the Whys within it—
And now I've used up one full minute.
So to the point—and for a start
Let me deny I thought of art
With a big A or little one
I made my drawings just for fun.
If they are pictures, put the blame
Upon the fact they're in a frame
And in good company, to be sure—
I want to stay an amateur!
To improvise without restraint,
Maybe to paint—or not to paint;
To see the spectrum of the prism
But have no truck with sect or schism;
To shun the critics constant buzzing,
And dealers all—a dime a dozen.
I am content that A should paint
His dream—the world as the world ain't;
Or B, who is a dreadful bore,
Repeats what was done well before;
While C, confused, believes each school,
D is himself, and still—a fool!
Art is long and life is brief
The world is wide and time's a thief—
It takes five minutes to report
That Art is long and time is short.

MR. O'DONNELL

In allotted five minutes at "Instructors' Assembly"

ODE TO A WET HEDGE

Crispy green
 With rolling drops
Of crystal gleam
 Upon each leaf
In globules cool
 Just waiting for
A silly fool
 Like me
To brush them off
 And get my hand all wet

BEVERLY HALLAM

ELOISE LINSKOTT
RUTH MARCY
JANE COLEMAN
BARBARA CORRIGAN

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY
TREASURER

*No more heckling!
no more fussing: our
dear . . . Elly*



ELOISE LINSKOTT—G.D.

Ellie, our class president . . . amiable, refined, thoughtful, and a gracious leader. When deep thinking tugs at the corners of her smile, furrowed contemplation arrives! Innumerable tales and problems find form in "apartment life with Mary," "many men," "week-end treks to Brockton", and ventures into the professional design world.



RUTH MARCY—T.T.

Energy and zip . . . quiet manners . . . black, black, hair, glossy and smooth . . . enormous wide eyes! Marcy's constant supply of excess energy makes us feel like tired old wrecks. A ready hand to help anyone in trouble—generous and liked by everyone. She's an expert candy dipper, wrapper, and puller. Occasionally she eats it.

ELLY MARCY COLEY BARBIE

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



JANE COLEMAN—T.T.

In from the back woods of Mendon every morning, comes Jane, neat and complete. She does a slick job on her work—even lettering her exams is not a problem. A passion for red barns and precise abstractions. . . . A casual cynic with a sense of humor that bursts forth at the most unexpected moments.



BARBARA CORRIGAN—G.D.

C means cogent, candid critic Corrigan . . . O is ouster of the obsolete . . . R means reading all she can get hold of. . . R—reformer, radical elite. . . I is Barbie's Irish ingenuity . . . G means gifted gal in Art—Design . . . A for Attleboro, for attainment . . . N—oted soon by others in her line. . . Put them all together; they spell Corrigan, . . . Corrigan—that's Bar-bie!



MARIE ANTON—G.D.

The first girl manager of the school store . . . Marie possesses an amazing capacity for both the imaginative and the technical. There is something of the Old World Charm about her that exudes graciousness and kindly consideration. Stormy horizons are soon cleared through the workings of a rare combination of charm and diplomacy!



COLLETTE ASCHENBACH—T.T.

Tall and willowy—with a flair for peasant fashions—Collette hails from West Springfield. Reminiscent of her days in the costume design course, Collette is always willing to introduce fashion to the art education department. Dashing hither and yon—laden with teaching materials . . . always doing for others.

MARENKA . . . COLLETTE . . . MILLIE . . . SAL



MILDRED BARTLETT—T.T.

A quiet girl on the surface, but when you get to know her you find the real Milly . . . what a sense of humor! Her wistful brown eyes seem to belie her practical side. Clever dry brush water colors in a dreamy pastel vein—keen mind—capable of "brain-storm deductions". Have you heard about her transportation problems?



SALLY BOYCE—T.T.

Sal, the gal with the soft voice and shy smile. Dresses of light pastel tints and chestnut hair parted in the middle give her that smart band box look. . . . Who would think that she came from the wilds of Brookfield? She loves to talk about cows—Elsies or otherwise . . . and those meals at the "Y"!



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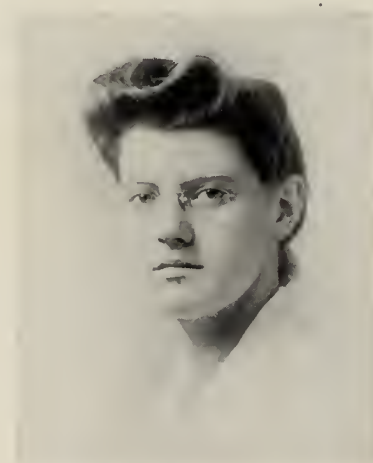


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CLARE BROCKUNIER—T.T.

An indomitable spirit—burning the candle at both ends. Sensitive to beauty of all kinds, Clare lives her art. We love her apartment which she shares with us at lunch time—for hot soup and words of sympathy. Vacillating between a worried frown and a gay laugh—it's fun to be with her. If Clare is your friend—you're lucky.



VIRGINIA CARTER—T.T.

Blue-green is the color to match her eyes. Carter, our efficiency expert—smart in a suit—smiles at us from behind the school store counter. Poised and sedate... an occasional dramatic spree convinces us she has more than a quiet side. "Gin", of the husky voice and expressive eyebrows, does everything well... and on time, too.

CLARE . . . GIN . . . ANGIE . . . MARIE LOUISE



ANGELINE COLONTONIA—G.D.

The first on deck in the morning and one of the last to leave the building at night. A clever draftsman and designer... Angie with her sparkling dark eyes and cheerful smile is a friend to all. We hope that in her travels through life she will gather as much happiness as she has shed.



MARIE LOUISE HORSIN-DÉON—T.T.

Charming, dainty, vivacious and fascinating to listen to... is our Parisienne Marie. A wisp of chiffon—interesting earrings... subtle appeal of color... a dreamy quality to the girls she paints. Moody, amusing, Marie retains her poise in the most trying circumstances... she is always master of the situation.

To slam off
Roller skating!
My best, Nancy



NANCY GRAVES—T.T.

A cherry mouth and cropped hair—a highly developed knack of innocently getting into trouble—green, green, and more green is her favorite color—as though we didn't know! Efficient in "home" work and school work. . . . A personality without whom the teacher training department could not get along.



MARJORIE HERENE—T.T.

Rust, yellow, black, ethereal abstractions, photography, together with a diamond, a violin, a piano and "Jackie" produce Margie's combination. Our pixy with dancing brown eyes and *that hair* is seen at rest period with an enormous brown paper bag. We envy the ease with which she tackles our many teacher training problems.

NANC MARGIE HOKIE EDIE



HARRIETTE HOLCOMB—G.D.

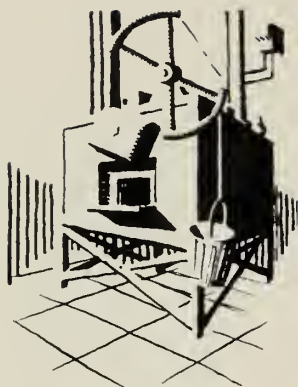
Staunch supporter of brunettes, earrings, and Temple Place U.S.O. Ask her a question and you will invariably receive the emphatic reply of, "Just because!" Fast click of heels down the corridor is as indicative of Hokie as the able speed with which she designs. A bubbling laugh and a toss of the head accompanies her appreciation of art, literature, and domesticity.



EDITH KARTSTEIN—G.D.

Unmistakably the "genius" of our drawing classes, Edith has developed for herself a wry sense of humor that belies her Stoughton mildness. She demands a thorough explanation of the "why"—of any one—and everything, as well as attention to her usually opposing opinions, and . . . that hot cup of coffee during rest period!





MARY MACHLUP—T.T.

Effervescent is the word for Mary. Overflowing with pep and enthusiasm, she's the spark plug of our teacher training division. Still with an English accent, Mary has the where-with-all to go places in teaching. A strange combination of naivete and sophistication—Mary's laughter is a challenge to all that is smug and complacent.



BARBARA MacLEOD—T.T.

Sweet Mac, with the candid eyes and a ready laugh for everyone. . . . She married and returned to school to graduate with us. Long fair hair flying as she dashes across for coffee . . . she's our sophisticated Alice-in-Wonderland! Quiet, friendly, and intelligent, Barbara is a lovely person to look at—and to know.

LOOPIE MAC BUFF. ELLIE



MAUDE MILLER—G.D.

Calm, dignified, poised . . . a genial hostess. Our Student Association President has a flair for style and a lively interest in music, books, plays and movies. Somehow lengthy letters to "our" boys in the service don't hinder the completion of work before deadlines. Apply the name "Buff" to this rare combination.



ELNA NELSON—T.T.

Whimsical Ellie—whose quiet determination knows not failure . . . Our modernist—an enthusiast for wet paper painting on wall paper. Bright red and black are her colors. Creative Elna—who does as well with words as with her brush . . . and weaves all the loose threads of language into a perfect whole . . . as Editor-in-Chief of our Year Book.



BARBARA PEASE—T.T.

A never-ending source of good humor—a readiness to assist anyone in need of help. A hostess to sailors and soldiers at the "Y". Peasey devotes all her spare time—and even her thesis—to the morale building of the service men. On the side she is taking a course in "Fluent" French. We wonder why?



ALBERT PETITTO—T.T.

Harassed and heckled by women, Al is the man of our Art Education outfit. An able sculptor and carpenter, he is our salvation when there is construction work to be done. With his window displays and figurines, "Petitt" is already established in the business world. He is a clever fellow... with a twinkle in his eye.

PEASEY.....PETITT..... RYE

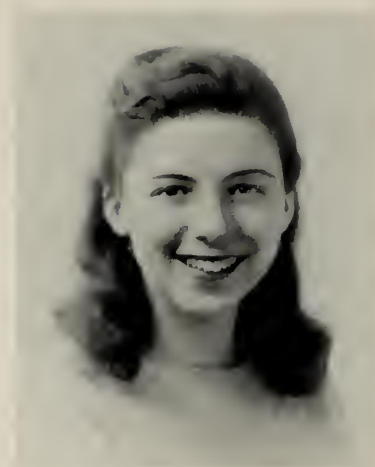
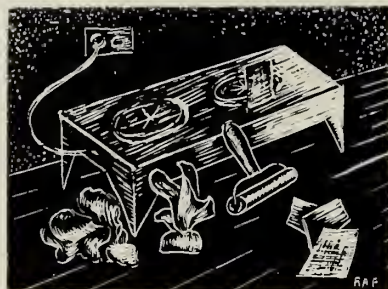
To the indomitable "Sal" Love "Ryan"



BARBARA RYAN—T.T.

The vigorous member of the Bartlett, Boyce, Ryan gang, and a dweller at the "Y"! Hearts and flowers make up her motif. She has a super sense of humor... bubbling over with jolly, contagious laughter and a store of jokes which she picks up somewhere. What a joy she must be to those high school students on Tuesdays!





PHYLLIS RIEHL—G.D.

If she didn't excel in general design, modern dancing, horseback riding, swimming, skiing and summer camp work—and if she didn't handle all the odd jobs from running the "Brush-Off" to clerking at the school store—and if she didn't have a Mom that makes such wonderful cookies . . . then, she just wouldn't be our Phil.

PHIL JACKIE BILLIE



JACQUELIN SAUNDERS—T.T.

A serious and progressive teacher trainer; we count on her for perfect examples of correlation and integration. A charter member of the riding club. One of a pair—her sense of humor rises to the top when she and Margie are together. We never know what they are laughing at, but they have fun!



ADRIENNE SEAGRAVE—G.D.

"Billie" might not suggest a silvery laugh and golden hair—but there is a story behind that nickname. Somehow her work incorporates sincerity and vivaciousness and is suggestive of the wind, the wide open West, and her Navy man across the sea . . . At rest period we invariably witness the temporary disappearance of Ellie and Billie.



MARY CONLON—G.D.

Driving energy . . . she carries the political problems of the universe in her mind,—then deftly finds expressive transition in her class work. Her theories have capably enveloped modern painters, music, books and Walt Whitman. Conversational gaps are filled with news of her girls—Virginia and Dorothy.



PHYLLIS TOCK—G.A.

A soft voice and gentle ways surround the knowing power that exists within. Her silence, always friendly, is rarely broken by fault-finding criticism, but more usually by well considered praise. Along the way, impeded by constant change, she has remained at heart—the graphic artist.

MARY PHYL



DENNIS SHEEHAN

We remember his quiet and whimsical personality as a member of the Reilly, Flanagan, Sheehan trio. To know Dennis was to discover his depth of thought and feeling in art—and in all things. As a fine likeable person he will remain in the memories of his classmates.

IN MEMORIAM

CLASS of '44



PAUL C.



DANA



MURRAY



LOUIS

s e r v e s



SUMNER



RUSS



STEPHEN



PAUL



ROBERT J.

Sgt. FRANCIS V. BALBONI
 PAUL BUTTERWORTH
 Cpl. LOUIS CALNEK
 S Sgt. PHILIP G. DUVARNEY
 PAUL EDMONSTON
 Cadet SUMNER FINEBERG
 Lt. ROBERT J. FLANAGAN
 Pfc. JOHN G. FORSTER
 JOSEPH LOMBARDI
 Pvt. PAUL C. MADDEN
 Av. Cad. ROBERT G. SALAMOFF
 MURRAY SUGARMAN
 Av. Cad. STEPHEN P. THOMAS
 DANA VICKERY
 Av. Cad. RUSSELL WEST
 SIDNEY WILLENS

U. S. Army
 U. S. Army
 U. S. Army Air Corps
 U. S. Army
 U. S. Navy
 A. S. T. P.
 U. S. Army Air Corps
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Rühl

YEARBOOK STAFF



Splendid cooperation and hard work have made it possible for us to produce the kind of yearbook we thought you would want. This has been accomplished in spite of all the little problems which are accentuated during a period of war.

We hope that when you pick up this yearbook ten years from now, you will be reminded of old friendships and experiences of your years at the Massachusetts School of Art. If it accomplishes that purpose, the members of the staff will feel satisfied that they have been successful in their efforts.

ELNA NELSON

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| ELNA NELSON | EDITOR IN CHIEF |
| BARBARA CORRIGAN | ART EDITOR |
| VIRGINIA CARTER | LITERARY EDITOR |
| ALBERT PETITTO | PRODUCTION MANAGER |
| IRENE GARLITZ | } ASST. ART EDITORS |
| KATHLEEN WAINWRIGHT | |
| RIGMOR ERIKSON | } ASST. LITERARY EDITORS |
| BARBARA SAYCE | |
| BETTY HEBARD | ASST. PRODUCTION MANAGER |
| MARIE ANTON | TREASURER |

STUDENT ASSOCIATION



"The spirit is the thing." This might well have been the motto of the Student Association during the past year, for it was the spirit that kept the student body active, happy, and at times even gay. The shadow of war fell across the glow of normal days and was emphasized by the absence of many of our students. It was not in spite of the dark shadow but rather because of it that the Student Association planned new activities. Interest, cooperation and fellowship are proof of the spirit with which these plans were carried through . . . proof of the harvest that has been reaped.

MAUDE MILLER

| | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| MAUDE MILLER | PRESIDENT |
| JEANNE MacCABE | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| WILMA COZAD | SECRETARY |
| BEVERLY HALLAM | TREASURER |
| VIRGINIA CARTER | CHAIRMAN OF FINANCE |
| ELOISE LINSKOTT | SENIOR PRESIDENT |
| KAY WAINWRIGHT | JUNIOR PRESIDENT |
| BARBARA CHASE | SOPHOMORE PRESIDENT |
| ELAINE SMITHERS | FRESHMAN PRESIDENT |



JUNIOR CLASS

| | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| KAY WAINWRIGHT | PRESIDENT |
| MARY ESTER JONES | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| MARIWOOD MacLUCAS | SECRETARY |
| EVELYN NELSON | TREASURER |

It has been a year of new experiences. At last we begin to see the road ahead . . . the training for our chosen vocation has begun in earnest. The teacher trainers have started their practice teaching,—and the general designers are producing diverse forms of commercial and fine art. Our graphic art students are demonstrating their powers of artistic expression in a variety of mediums . . . and we speed on toward our senior year all too swiftly.

WILMA COZAD



SOPHOMORE CLASS

The class of '46 . . . slightly depleted in size, but doubled in enthusiasm. The same familiar struggle with imaginary picture planes and cubes, oil paints and water colors . . . exciting moments as the kiln is opened, or as we peel off the paper from our first block print . . . the fantastic nightmares of dancing skeletons or squirming muscles just before an anatomy exam . . . AND the slightly superior feeling, now that we have a class under us.

BARBARA ANN CHASE

| | |
|------------------|----------------|
| BARBARA CHASE | PRESIDENT |
| MARY McCABE | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| ROSAMOND STRONG | SECRETARY |
| ROBERT STEVENSON | TREASURER |



FRESHMAN CLASS

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| ELAINE SMITHERS | PRESIDENT |
| DOROTHY McLEAN | VICE-PRESIDENT |
| ELAINE BIGANESS | SECRETARY |
| FLORENCE CARLAN | TREASURER |

The transition from bewildered freshmen to worldly, seniors is a tedious, but worthwhile struggle. We knew and felt this when we entered these portals for the first time last September. With unlimited energy and confidence in our ability we were resolved to make the grade. Our ups and downs came frequently and will undoubtedly continue . . . but we feel certain that they are stepping stones to a complete success.

ELINOR PALMER



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The staff of the year book wishes to thank all those whose interest and encouragement have helped to make this book possible. We are grateful to Miss Sheehan for her aid in the preparation of the literary material. Mr. Thompson has given us the benefit of his able advice and counsel. Our thanks go to Mr. O'Donnell for his kindly cooperation.

We owe our appreciation to the junior teacher training department for their fine work in the production of our silk screened cover, and to the senior design and teacher training divisions for their cooperation in the production of our prints. We are especially grateful to Mr. Kupferman and Mr. Philbrick for their help in the preparation of this work.

Mary Machlup, Jane Coleman, Phyllis Riehl, Edith Kartstein, Nancy Graves, and Marie Anton have done a fine job on the student write-ups. Our thanks also go to Kathleen Wainwright, Lena Geiser, Henry LaRoache, Aiko Iwatki, Vienna Gentili, and Irene Garlitz for their delightful spottings on the senior pages.

Special thanks are due Marjorie Herene for her attractive photographic page decorations. Rosalie Ferrara, Wilma Cozad, and Irene Garlitz have been very kind in contributing their help.

We are deeply grateful to Mr. Palmstrom for his guidance and inspiration.

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Michelangelo's 'The Fall of Man'.



GEORGE SMITH
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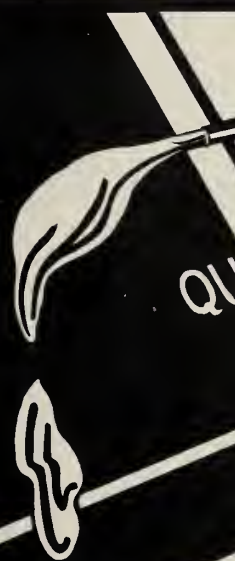
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